A DISCOURSE OF VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE.

Wrote in *FRENCH*

By *Stephen de la Boetie.*

One of the King's Counsellors in the Court of the Parliament at *Bourdeaux*, in the Reign of *Charles* IX, King of *France*.

Would'st thou, thus Adam, forlorn, displeas'd,
O execrable Son, so to aspire
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from God not given:
He gave us only over Beast, Fish, Fowl,
Dominion absolute; That right we hold
By his Donation: But Man over Men
He made not Lord, such Title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.

MILT. Lib. XII.

Vincet Amor Patriæ. VIRG.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE PREFACE.

THE *following Diſcourſe, intituled,* Voluntary Servitude, *was wrote by* Stephen de la Boetie, *one of the King's Counſellors in the Court of the Parliament at* Bourdeaux, *in the Reign of* Charles IX, *King of* France. *It contains ſuch noble Sentiments, with Reſpect to the Liberties of Mankind, and is wrote in a Spirit, ſo truly reſembling an old* Greek *or* Roman, *that the Tranſlator judged it well worthy, of being communicated to the Publick in our Language. He has endeavoured to do*

Juſtice to the Original; but if he may have failed therein, he craves ſome Indulgence from the intelligent and candid Reader, who knows, how difficult it is, not to tranſlate, but to tranſlate well. He hopes it will not be thought improper, by thoſe who may be inclined to peruſe this valuable Treatiſe, if he extract ſome Paſſages from Montagne's *Works, which give an Account both of it and the Author. In his Eſſay of Friendſhip, he begins thus:*

'*Reflecting on the Conduct of a Painter which I have in my Houſe, I have reſolved to follow his Method. He chuſes the fineſt Situation, and the Middle of each Wall, wherein to place the moſt laboured and principal Pieces, and fills the vacant Space about, with Groteſque Figures; which are fantaſtical Pieces of Painting, that have no Grace but in their Variety and Oddneſs. What are theſe Eſſays of mine, in Truth, but groteſque and monſtrous Figures, made up of divers Members, without any regular Form, having neither End, Connexion,*

nor

'*nor Proportion, but ſuch as Chance*
'*gives them?* Deſinit in Piſcem,
'mulier formoſa ſuperne. *I can*
'*keep Pace with my Painter in his ſe-*
'*condary Deſign, but am quite at a*
'*Loſs in his firſt and beſt Part; for,*
'*as my Abilities are not ſo great, as to*
'*dare undertake a capital Subject, com-*
'*poſed and finiſhed according to the Rules*
'*of Art, I have bethought myſelf of bor-*
'*rowing one from* Stephen de la Boetie,
'*who will do honour to all the reſt of this*
'*Chapter. It is a Diſcourſe of his, which*
'*he calls* VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE,
'*but thoſe who were ignorant of the Title,*
'*have very properly ſince called it, againſt*
'*a ſingle Perſon. He wrote it by way*
'*of Eſſay in his Youth, for the Honour*
'*of Liberty againſt Tyrants. It has*
'*paſſed formerly through the Hands of*
'*Perſons of Judgment with great E-*
'*ſteem, it being elegant and finiſhed to*
'*the higheſt Degree of Perfection. And*
'*yet, I may well ſay, that it is not the*
'*beſt he was able to have performed;*
'*and if in his riper Years, when*
'*I knew him, he had undertaken*
'*ſuch a Deſign as mine, to commit his*

Thoughts to Paper, we ſhould have ſeen many excellent Things, and which would very near have equalled any thing of Antiquity; for, as to the Gifts of Nature eſpecially, I know none may be compared to him. But there remains only this Diſcourſe of his (and that by Chance, for I do not believe he ever ſaw it ſince it firſt ſlipt from him) and ſome Memoirs, upon the Edict of January, *famous by our Civil Wars, which at ſome other Time may perhaps appear. Theſe are all I could recover of his Remains, except the little Book of his Works, which I have already publiſhed: although he gave me (by his Will) with ſingular Affection and Eſteem, all his Books and Papers: And I am particularly obliged to this Piece, as it was the Occaſion of our firſt Acquaintance, for it was ſhewn me, long before I had ſeen him, and gave me the firſt Knowledge of his Name, and afterwards drew on that Friendſhip, which we mutually cultivated (as long as God permitted) ſo entire and perfect, that certainly there are but few ſuch to be read of,*

and

and in our preſent Days, there is not to be ſeen the leaſt Trace of ſuch a one in Practice. Such a Concurrence of Incidents is neceſſary to form it, that it is much if Fortune build up ſuch a one in three Ages." He concludes that Chapter thus. '*Since I have found that this Work has been already made publick, and with a bad Intent, by thoſe who ſeek to diſturb and change the State of our Government, without troubling themſelves, whether it would be for the better and that they have joined it to other Writings of that Caſt, I have altered my Intentions of inſerting it here; and to the End, that the Author's Memory may not ſuffer with thoſe who could not ſo intimately know his Opinions and Actions, I muſt acquaint them, that this Treatiſe was the Production of his younger Years, by way of Exerciſe only, as a common Subject, which had been canvaſſed by many Writers. I make no doubt, but he believed what he wrote, for he was ſo conſcientious, that he would not lie even in Jeſt; and I*

'*know beſides, that if he had been to* '*chuſe, he would rather have been born* '*at* Venice *than at* Sarlac, *and with* '*Reaſon. But he had another Maxim* '*deeply imprinted in his Soul, to obey* '*and religiouſly ſubmit himſelf to the* '*Laws under which he was born. There* '*never was a better Citizen, more af-*'*fectionate to the Quiet of his Country,* '*nor more an Enemy to the Troubles* '*and Seditions of his Time; he would* '*much rather have employed his Talents* '*to extinguiſh them, than have fur-*'*niſhed Matter for inflaming them more;* '*his Genius was rather formed in the* '*Mould of antient Times, than of theſe* '*in which we live.*

The ſame Montagne, *in a Letter to a Friend, writes thus:* '*I ſend you* '*herewith* Xenophon's *Oeconomics, that* '*is to ſay, the manner of governing* '*well a Family, tranſlated into* French '*by the late Monſieur* de la Boetie, *a* '*Preſent which I judged proper for* '*you, as well becauſe, it came firſt as* '*you know, from the Hand of a Per-*'*ſon of great Reputation, a Man high-*

'*ly*

ly eminent both in War and in Peace, as that it has received it's ſecond Form from one, who, I am ſure, was both beloved and eſteemed by you during his Life. This will ſerve always as a Remembrancer, to continue your good Will and Eſteem for his Name and Memory. Be not afraid, Sir, to encreaſe either of them; for, as you only knew him by the publick Proofs he had given of himſelf, I can aſſure you, his Abilities were ſo much beyond theſe, that you was far from having a thorough Knowledge of him. He did me the Honour, whilſt he was alive, which I eſteem as my greateſt good Fortune, to entertain ſo ſtrict and firm a Friendſhip with me, that there was not any Byaſs, Movement or Spring in his Soul, which I might not have diſcovered and judged of, at leaſt, if my Sight were not too ſhort. But without impoſing upon you, he was altogether ſo near a Miracle, that in writing of him, leaſt I ſhould be thought to exceed the Bounds of Probability, and run the Hazard of being wholly diſbelieved, there is a Neceſ-

'ſity to check myſelf, and retrench from 'what I know to be true. For this 'Time, Sir, I will content myſelf with 'intreating you, for the Honour and 'Reverence you owe to Truth, to believe 'and bear witneſs, that our Guienne *'never expected to ſee any thing like 'him amongſt thoſe of his Robe.'* In another Letter he writes. *'So that 'having loved Monſieur* de la Boetie *'more than any thing in this World, 'the greateſt Man in my Opinion of 'this Age, I thought I ſhould groſsly 'fail in my Duty, if, knowingly, I 'ſhould ſuffer ſo great a Name, and a 'Memory ſo worthy of Eſteem, to va-'niſh and be loſt, if I did not endea-'vour, by theſe Pieces of his, to raiſe 'him up and bring him to Life. I be-'lieve he is in ſome Manner ſenſible of 'this, and that theſe my good Offices 'touch and rejoice him. In truth, he 'he is yet with me ſo entire and full of 'of Life, that I cannot poſſibly think 'him ſo rudely buried under Ground, nor 'altogether baniſhed from my Conver-'ſatio*

In another to the Chancellor of France, *Monſieur* L'Hopital, *he writes thus.*

'*This Conſideration, Sir, that Fortune has a greater Share than Reaſon in the Promotion of Men of Merit, hath often comforted me, when I reflect, that Monſieur* de la Boetie, *one of the fitteſt and moſt able Men for the firſt Employments in* France, *all his Life languiſhed in Oblivion, and was buried at home, but much to our mutual Advantage. As to him, in particular, I can aſſure you, Sir, he was ſo abundantly furniſhed with the Riches and Treaſures which defy Fortune, that never any Man lived more ſatisfied and contented than he did. I know he was raiſed to the Dignities of his Province, which are looked upon as great, and know beſides, that no Man had more Capacity for them, and that at the Age of Two and thirty when he died, he had acquired more true Reputation in his Charge than any other Perſon before him. But it is not juſt to leave in the Condition of a private Soldier, a Man that*

'*deſerves the Rank of a Captain, nor*
'*to employ in middling Stations, thoſe*
'*who would acquit themſelves to Ad-*
'*vantage in the greateſt. In Truth,*
'*his Abilities were ill employed, and*
'*too much ſpared. For, beſides the*
'*Time the Duties of his Office required,*
'*he had many leiſure Hours, from*
'*which the Publick might have reaped*
'*Service, and himſelf Glory. Since*
'*then, Sir, he has been ſo backward in*
'*making himſelf known, for unluckily*
'*Virtue and Ambition are not joined*
'*together, and that he has lived in an*
'*Age ſo barbarous or ſo envious, that*
'*he has been no ways aſſiſted by the*
'*Teſtimony of others, I am vaſtly de-*
'*ſirous, that at leaſt his Memory, to*
'*which alone henceforward I owe the*
'*Duties of our Friendſhip, may receive*
'*the Recompence of his Merit, and may*
'*dwell in the Eſteem of Perſons of Ho-*
'*nour and Virtue. For this Reaſon, I was*
'*willing to bring him to light, and preſent*
'*him to you, in theſe few* Latin *Verſes*
'*which remain of his. Acting herein un-*
'*like to the Maſon, who places the beſt part*
'*of his Building towards the Street,*

'*and*

and to the Merchant, who ſhews the richeſt and fineſt Patterns of his Goods. For what was moſt commendable in him, the true Sap and Pith of his Worth, is gone with him, and we have only the Bark and Leaves. If one could ſet forth the well regulated Sallies of his Soul, his Piety, his Virtue, his Juſtice, the Vivacity of his Wit, the Weight and Soundneſs of his Judgment, the Grandeur of his Conceptions, ſo far elevated above the Vulgar, his Knowledge, the Grace which accompanied all his Actions, the tender Love he bore to his miſerable Country, and his ſworn and mortal Hatred of all Vice, but principally againſt that vile Traffick, which ſhelters itſelf under the honourable Name of Juſtice, it would certainly create in all good People a ſingular Affection towards him, mixed with a marvellous Regret for his Loſs. But, Sir, I am far from being able to do this, for he had never once thought of leaving any Teſtimony to Poſterity of the Fruit of his Studies, and we have only remaining what he wrote ſometimes by way of Amuſement. Mr

Mr Coſte, *to whom we are indebted for the new Edition of this Treatiſe, in his Preface to* Montagne's *Eſſays, publiſhed at the* Hague *in* 1727, *writes thus.*

'*You will find, beſides, in this Edi-*
'*tion, the famous Work of Monſieur* de
'la Boetie, *intituled* Voluntary Servi-
'tude, *or againſt a ſingle Perſon. Al-*
'*though it hath never been added to*
'Montagne's *Eſſays, one may ſay, that*
'*it is an Ornament in ſome Sort eſſen-*
'*tial to them.* Montagne, *as appears*
'*before, had deſtined it a Place in that*
'*excellent Chapter of Friendſhip, where*
'*he makes the Panegyric of Mr* de la
'Boetie, *and of this little Diſcourſe,*
'*which gave Occaſion to their firſt In-*
'*terview; and by that to the tender*
'*and faithful Friendſhip which grew*
'*between them, and of which* Montagne
'*retained as lively Senſe, after the*
'*Death of his illuſtrious Friend, as*
'*during his Life. It is true, in finiſh-*
'*ing the Chapter, he excuſes himſelf of*
'*a ſudden, from adding this Work as*

'*he*

'*he had deſigned; but it was only upon*
'*political Conſiderations, leaſt during*
'*the Troubles with which* France *was*
'*then agitated, the Principles upon*
'*which this Work is raiſed, might be*
'*employed to ill Purpoſes againſt the*
'*Author's Intentions. Many Years be-*
'*fore,* Montagne, *in publiſhing ſome*
'*poſthumous Pieces of Mr* de la Boe-
'*tie, reſiſted the Temptation of inſerting*
'*in his Collection the* Voluntary Ser-
'*vitude, by Reaſon, as he ſays himſelf,*
'*that he found the Compoſition of it too*
'*delicate and nice to be abandoned to*
'*the groſs and heavy Air of ſo unplea-*
'*ſant a Seaſon, which is in plain*
'*Words, that he was afraid the Court*
'*of* France *would not look favourably*
'*upon a Work wherein the Conduct of*
'*wicked Princes, the Cruelty and Ex-*
'*tortion of their Miniſters,* &c. *were ſo*
'*livelily cenſured.* Montagne *knew ſo*
'*well the Diſpoſitions of the Court and*
'*People of* France *at that Time, that*
'*we may in this Matter with Certainty*
'*rely upon him, without having recourſe*
'*to Hiſtory; but it is eaſy to ſee, by all*
'*that he tells us of this his Friend's Diſ-*

'*courſe,*

'*courſe, and by the Reaſons which kept him*
'*twice from publiſhing it, that at pre-*
'*ſent, it is in ſome Sort fulfilling his*
'*Will to add it to his Eſſays. At pre-*
'*ſent, I ſay, when* France *enjoys a pro-*
'*found Peace under a young Monarch,*
'* *who having taken upon himſelf the*
'*the Direction of his Kingdom, is re-*
'*ſolved to give himſelf wholly up to the*
'*Love which he owes his People, in the*
'*Deſign of making his Government glo-*
'*rious, by rendring it uſeful to the State*
'*and to the People, whoſe Happineſs*
'*ſhall always be the firſt Object of his*
'*Care. Princes of this Character can-*
'*not be any more ſhocked with the*
'*Liberty which Mr* de la Boetie
'*has taken in decrying the Effeminacy,*
'*the Injuſtice and Cruelty of wicked*
'*Kings, than* Alexander *the Great*
'*would have been to have heard a Bully*
'*turned into Ridicule. The Copy from*
'*which I have printed this Diſcourſe of*

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* This is taken Word for Word from a Writing, intituled, a Narrative of what the King hath declared of his Intentions in his Council of State, held the 16th of *June*, 1726. *Vid.* Poſtſcript of the *Amſterdam Gazette*.

Mr

'*Mr* de la Boetie, *is not very correct.*
'*It was taken out of the State of* France
'*under* Charles IX, *and I do not know*
'*of any other Copies of it remaining*
'*elſewhere. I ſay nothing in particu-*
'*lar concerning the Notes I have made*
'*on ſome Places which ſeemed to want*
'*them. They are of the ſame Kind with*
'*thoſe diſperſed through the Eſſays.*'

There are ſeveral other Paſſages, particularly one entire Letter from Montagne *to his Father, containing the Circumſtances of Mr* de la Boetie's *Death, which declare him to have been one of the moſt extraordinary Men that ever lived, but the Tranſlator was afraid, that if the whole had been inſerted, ſome Particulars would not have been thought of Moment at preſent by the Generality of Readers, and thoſe that might have been thought ſo, would not have been clear, without a Tranſlation of the whole, for which Reaſon he refers thoſe who are deſirous to know more of this great Genius, which ſhone like a Star of the firſt Magnitude, and quickly diſappeared, to the fifth Volume of the foremen-*
tioned *Edition of* Montagne's *Works,*
and

and to the 19*th Chapter of the firſt Book of his Eſſays.*

This Diſcourſe was publiſhed ſoon after the Maſſacre of Paris, *and the Slaughter of the Proteſtants throughout moſt of the Provinces in* France, *altho' wrote ſeveral Years before. If any thing could have whetted the Author's Stile with keener Darts againſt Tyranny, to what a Heighth of Indignation would that deteſtable and execrable Scene have raiſed the virtuous Spirit of this young Man. But as the ſame Cauſes muſt ever produce the ſame Effects, he knew the Nature of Tyranny to be ſuch, that there is nothing ſo monſtrous and wicked, but what it is capable of perpetrating, and perhaps might not have been ſurprized at ſo prodigious an Event, but might have looked upon it as a very natural Conſequence from thoſe Principles upon which Tyranny is founded. As it appears, the Author did not write this Tract as an Attack againſt legal Government, but againſt the Abuſes of it; ſo, to every candid Reader, the Tranſlator hopes his Deſign will evidently appear to be the ſame, and that his wi[illegible]eaning Inten-*

Intentions, will not be misrepresented, or maliciously wrested to any Application to the present Times, or the mild Government of so gracious a Prince as now fills the Throne.

Happy are we who live under such a Prince and such a Constitution, that the Subjects are not exposed to any Dangers of this Sort, Liberty and Property being secured by such an equal Ballance of Power, and such a Harmony in the Constitution, that no such Excesses can be apprehended here.

But the Translator being warmed by the pious Wish of a celebrated Author, whose Writings, as they are the Glory of the present, so they will be the Admiration of future Ages, That the Liberties of Great Britain may be immortal, *and stimulated by his seasonable Advice.*

'*They will be so, says he, if that Con-*
'*stitution, whose genuine Effects they are,*
'*be maintained in Purity and Vigour.*
'*A perpetual Attention to this great*
'*Point is therefore the Interest and Duty*
'*of every Man in* Britain; *and there is*
'*scarce any Man, who may not contri-*
'*bute to the Advancement of it in some*
'*Degree.*

'*Degree. The old may inform the young,*
'*and the young may animate the old.*
'*Even they, who are moſt retired from*
'*the Scene of Buſineſs may be uſeful in*
'*this Cauſe, to thoſe who are in it; to*
'*thoſe who are heated by the Action, di-*
'*ſtracted by the Cares, or diſſipated by*
'*the Pleaſures of the World. I ſay they*
'*may be uſeful; and, I add, that they*
'*ought to be ſo to the utmoſt, that their*
'*Situation allows.*' *The Tranſlator, I ſay, being animated by, and approving of this wholeſome Counſel, judged it his Duty to keep up in the Minds of his Countrymen, juſt Notions of Liberty, and a Deteſtation of Slavery, and that no Time can be unſeaſonable for this good End. That whilſt the Nations round about us groan under the Fetters of Tyranny, and are made Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water; we, who ſtill enjoy this ineſtimable Jewel, may guard it, and preſerve it as the Apple of our Eye, and reverence it as our true* Palladium *ſent down to us from Heaven by the divine Mercy and Goodneſs. To deter any deſperate Hand from daring to attack or pull down this holy Ark, this ſacred Remnant*

of Liberty, committed and entruſted to the Care of the peculiar and choſen People of this Iſland. If Uzzah *was ſmote with ſudden Death, for his Error in putting forth his Hand to ſuſtain the Ark of the Lord, when it was ſhaken and likely to fall, what ſudden Vengeance muſt that Man expect who will dare to ſtretch out his Hand againſt this ſecond Ark of Liberty.*

Is there not ſome choſen Curſe,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blaſt the Man,
Who owes his Greatneſs to his Country's Ruin.

But, if ſome have deſerted the ſacred Banner of the Goddeſs,

If ſome be fallen, to Diſobedience fallen,
From what high State of Glory, into what Shame.

Let them haſte to appeaſe betimes the incenſed Deity, and quickly deprecate her impending Wrath, let them pray, repent, and bring Obedience due,

To Prayer, Repentance, and Obedience due,
Tho' but endeavour'd with ſincere Intent,
Her Ear ſhall not be ſlow, her Eye not ſhut.

Let them not thro' private Feuds and Ani-

Animoſities, and out of obſtinacy and oppoſition to thoſe, who perhaps they do not love, act contrary to common Senſe, and againſt what they once made their loudeſt Boaſts of, and thought it their greateſt Honour publickly to profeſs and avow. Let them not to be revenged of their Enemies, deſtroy themſelves with them. Let them not be more implacable than the Jews *were, that ſtiff-necked and perverſe People, who when Danger was at their Gates, ſacrificed their private Reſentments to unite againſt the common Enemy. I am perſuaded, that if in any future Time, the Foundations of our Liberties ſhould be attempted to be undermined and ſapped by ſlow, altho' very perceptable Degrees, that there would ſtill be left ſome choice 'Spirits, 'who would never become tame in Ser-'vitude, nor would reliſh it, how finely 'ſoever it might be dreſſed up: Who hav-'ing clear Underſtandings, and ſharp-'ſighted Wits, improved by Study and 'Knowledge, were Liberty intirely loſt 'and out of the World, would conceive 'it, and bring it forth from their own Ideas, and form it's fair Plan from the ſimilar Image of it in their own Breaſts.*

Breaſts. They would think that they owed more to their Country, than from any Favours conferred, any Flatteries or falſe Confidences impoſed upon them by an artful Deceiver, to be by them induced to concur with him in Meaſures pernicious to it, and tending to deſtroy it.

'*But they would ſay with* Brutus, *what was our End in getting rid of the Tyrant but to be free from Tyranny. A ridiculous Motive and a vain Exploit; if our Slavery ſurvive him!—Oh, who is it that makes Liberty his Care? Liberty, which ought to be the Care of all Men, as it is the Benefit and Bleſſing of All! For myſelf, rather than give it up, I will ſtand ſingle in it's Defence. I cannot loſe, but with my Life, my Reſolution to maintain in Freedom, my Country, which I have made free: I have deſtroyed a Veteran Tyrant, and ſhall I ſuffer in a raw Youth, his Heir, a Power to controul the Senate, ſuperſede the Laws, and put Chains on* Rome? *A Power, which no perſonal Favours, nor even the Ties of Blood could ever ſanctify to me; a Power, which I could not bear in Cæſar,*

ſar, *nor if my Father had uſurped it, could I have born him.*

Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
The generous Plan of Power, delivered down
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers,
So dearly bought, the Price of ſo much Blood,
O let it never periſh in your Hands,
But piouſly tranſmit it to your Children.

Theſe Sentiments, which inſpired the Heroes of old, and of later Times, and were productive of ſuch Godlike Actions, that Time ſhall never obliterate, having inflamed the Breaſt of the Tranſlator with an Ardour for Liberty inferior to no one's, and being conſcious to himſelf that he was not able from his own Stores to produce any thing worthy the Attention of the Publick, he was ambitious of contributing at leaſt his Mite in this glorious Cauſe, by publiſhing the Labours of others, and in a Country of Liberty, where ſo many admirable Treatiſes have been formerly, and now lately wrote, for Support of it, that this zealous Advocate might be brought to take his Part, and appear in our Language as one of it's illuſtrious Defenders.

O 25

OF VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE.

BE ſilent, Wretch, and think not here allow'd,
That worſt of Tyrants, an uſurping Crowd,
To one ſole Monarch Jove *commits the Sway,*
His are the Laws, and him let all obey.

Ulyſſes ſays this in *Homer* ſpeaking in Public. If he had only ſaid

Be ſilent, Wretch, and think not here allow'd,
That worſt of Tyrants an uſurping Crowd.

Nothing could have been better. But to have talked according to Reaſon,

he ought to have ſaid, that the Rule of many cannot be good, ſince the Power of a ſingle Perſon, from the Time that he aſſumes the Title of Maſter, is hard and unreaſonable, yet he prepoſterouſly adds,

To one ſole Monarch Jove *commits the Sway,*
His are the Laws, and him let all obey (a).

But perhaps, *Ulyſſes* ought to be excuſed, who poſſibly was then under a Neceſſity

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(*a*) Thoſe Perſons are under a Miſtake who would make this Sentence a Praiſe of Abſolute Monarchy. *Homer* ſpeaks it only with regard to a General of an Army during the time of his Commiſſion. Nor is *Agamemnon* ſtyl'd *King of Kings* in any other Senſe, than as the reſt of the Princes had given him the Supream Authority over them in the Siege. *Ariſtotle* defines a King, Στρατηγὸς γὰρ ἦν καὶ δικαστὴς ὁ βασιλεὺς, καὶ τῶν πρὸς Θεὸς Κύριος: *Leader of the War, Judge of Controverſies,* and *Preſident of the Ceremonies of the Gods.* That he had the principal care of Religious Rites, appears from many Places in *Homer*; and that his Power was no where abſolute but in War: for we find *Agamemnon* inſulted in

Neceſſity of uſing that Language, and to employ it as the Means to calm the Mutiny of the Army, conforming his Diſcourſe, more, I believe, to the Circumſtance of Time than to Truth. But to ſpeak in good earneſt, it is a great Misfortune to be ſubject to a Maſter, of whom you can never be aſſured that he will be good, ſince it is always in his Power to be bad when he pleaſes. To have many Maſters, that is the ſame, as to be ſo many Times extreamly unfortunate. At preſent I will not enter into the Debate

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in the Council, but in the Army threatening Deſerters with Death. He was under an Obligation to preſerve the Privileges of his Country, purſuant to which Kings are called by our Author Δικαιοπόλες, and Θεμιςοπόλες, the Diſpenſers or Managers of Juſtice. And *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* acquaints us, that the old *Grecian* Kings, whether hereditary or elective, had a Council of their chief Men, as *Homer* and the moſt ancient Poets teſtify; nor was it (he adds) in thoſe times as in ours, when Kings have a full Liberty to do whatever they pleaſe. *Dion. Hal. lib. ii. Hiſt.*

of that Queſtion ſo much canvaſſed, Whether the other Sorts of Republics are better than Monarchy; which, if I ſhould conſider, I would firſt know, before I put it as a Queſtion, What Rank Monarchy ought to have amongſt Republics, if it ought to have any at all: ſince it is very difficult to believe, that there is any Thing public in that Government where all depends upon a ſingle Perſon. But this Queſtion is reſerved for another Time, and may well deſerve a Treatiſe apart, or rather may indeed include all political Diſputes.

For the preſent I would only underſtand, how it is poſſible, and how it can be, that ſo many Men, ſo many Cities, ſo many Nations, tolerate ſometimes a ſingle Tyrant, who has no Power but what they give him; who has no Power to hurt them, but only ſo far as they have the Will to ſuffer him; who can do them no Harm, except when they chuſe rather to bear him than contradict him. A wonderful Thing certainly, and nevertheleſs

leſs ſo common, that we ought to have more Grief and leſs Aſtoniſhment, to ſee a Million of Millions of Men ſerve miſerably, their Necks under the Yoke, not conſtrained by a greater Force, but as it were, enchanted and charmed by the ſingle Name of one, whoſe Power they ought not to be afraid of, ſince he is alone; nor love his Qualities, ſince he is with regard to them inhuman and ſavage. Such is the Weakneſs of Mankind. It often happens that we are obliged to obey by Force, there is a Neceſſity then of temporizing, one cannot always be the ſtrongeſt. If then a Nation be conſtrained by the Fate of War to become the Slaves of one Perſon, as the City of *Athens* was to thirty Tyrants, we ought not to be ſurprized at their Servitude, but to bewail the Accident; or rather, neither to be ſurprized nor bewail, but to bear the Evil patiently, and reſerve ourſelves for a future and better Fortune. Our Nature is ſuch, that the common Duties of Friendſhip, engroſs a great Part of the Courſe of our Lives.

It is reaſonable to love Virtue, to eſteem good Actions, to acknowledge the Good we receive, and often to diminiſh our own Eaſe, to augment the Honour and Advantage of thoſe we love, when they deſerve it. If therefore the Inhabitants of a Country have met with ſome great Perſonage, who has ſhewed by Proof, great Foreſight in preſerving, great Courage in defending, and great Care in governing them: If from thenceforward they accuſtom themſelves to obey him, and to confide ſo much in him, as to give him ſome Prerogatives, I do not know whether it ought to be call'd an Act of Wiſdom, inſomuch, that he is taken from that Station in which he did good, to be advanced to a Dignity in which he may do harm; but certainly it may be called Honeſty and Sincerity, in not being afraid of receiving ill from him, from whom they had received only good.

BUT, good God! what can this be? How ſhall we call this? What Misfortune

fortune is this? What ſort of unhappy Vice is it, to ſee an infinite Number, not only obey, but ſerve, not governed, but tyrannized, having neither Goods, Parents, Children, nor Life itſelf which can be called theirs? To bear the Robberies, the Debaucheries, the Cruelties, not of an Army, not of a barbarous Camp, againſt which we ought to ſpend our Blood, nay even our Lives, but of one Man: Not a *Hercules* or *Sampſon*, but a little Creature, and very often the moſt cowardly and effeminate of the whole Nation: One, not accuſtomed to the Smoak of Battles, but ſcarcely to the Duſt of Tilts and Tournaments: Not one, who can by Force command Men, but wholly employed in poorly ſerving the meaneſt Woman. Shall we call this Cowardice? Shall we ſay that they who ſo abjectly ſerve are Cowards and Fainthearted? If two, three, or four, do not defend themſelves from one, it is ſtrange, but nevertheleſs poſſible: We may then ſafely ſay, that it is want of Courage. But if a Hundred, a Thouſand, bear with one, it

cannot be ſaid, that they dare not attack him, for it is not Cowardice, but rather Contempt and Diſdain. If we ſee not a hundred, not a thouſand Men, but a hundred Provinces, a thouſand Cities, a Million of Men, not attack one Man, whoſe greateſt Favourite has yet the Misfortune to be made his Slave and Vaſſal: What can we call this? Can it be cowardice? But there is in all Vices, naturally ſome Boundary and Degree, beyond which they cannot paſs. Two, and perhaps Ten, may be afraid of one, but if a Thouſand, a Million of Men, if a Thouſand Cities do not defend themſelves from one Man, that is not Cowardice. Cowardice cannot extend ſo far, no more than any Valour can be ſo great, that one alone ſhould ſcale a Fortreſs, attack an Army, or conquer a Kingdom. Then what Monſter of Vice is this, that does not deſerve the Name of Cowardice? Which cannot find a Name bad enough for it, which Nature diſowns, and the Tongue refuſes to pronounce? Let fifty thouſand Men

Men in Arms be placed on one Side, and as many on the other, let them be ranged in Order, let the Battle begin, one Side fighting for their Liberties, the other to take them away: To which Side ſhall we by Conjecture promiſe the Victory? Which can we think will go with moſt Courage to battle, whether they, who as a Reward of their Danger, hope for the Preſervation of their Liberty, or thoſe who can expect no other Recompence for the Blows they give or receive, but the enſlaving of others? One Side has always before their Eyes the Happineſs of their paſt Life, and the Expectation of like Eaſe for the Time to come. They do not ſo much conſider what they endure, the ſhort Time the Battle laſts, as that which muſt for ever be borne by them, their Children and all their Poſterity. The others have nothing which emboldens them but a Degree of Covetouſneſs, which recoils when Danger approaches, and cannot be ſo ardent, but that it ought and muſt be extinguiſhed by the leaſt Drop

of Blood which iſſues from their Wounds. In thoſe ſo renowned Battles of *Miltiades*, *Leonidas*, and *Themiſtocles*, which were fought two thouſand Years ago, and live yet as freſh in the Memory of Books and Men, as if they had been but of yeſterday, which were fought in *Greece*, for the Good of *Greece*, and for the Example of all the World: What think we was it, which gave to ſuch a handful as the *Greeks* were, not the Power, but the Courage to ſuſtain the Shock of ſo many Ships, that the Sea itſelf ſeemed to labour under them? To defeat ſo many Nations and ſo numerous, that the Squadron of the *Greeks* could not have furniſhed, if there had been Occaſion, Captains for their Fleet?

But that in thoſe glorious Days, it was not ſo much a Battle of *Greeks* againſt *Perſians*, as the Victory of LIBERTY over TYRANNY, and IMMUNITY over AVARICE. The Valour which Liberty inſpires in the Breaſts of thoſe who defend her, is worthy of

Admi-

Admiration. But that which is done in all Countries, and every Day, that one Man alone ſhould Lord it over a hundred Cities, and deprive them of their Liberty; who would believe it, if it were only hearſay, and that he did not ſee it? And if it were only ſeen in foreign and diſtant Countries and reported here, who would not think that it were rather a Fiction and imaginary, than real? But yet there is no need of attacking this ſingle Tyrant, there is no Neceſſity of defending ones ſelf againſt him, he is defeated of himſelf, provided only the Country does not ſubmit to Servitude: There is no need of taking any thing from him, only give him nothing. There is no Occaſion that the Country ſhould put itſelf to the Trouble of doing any thing for itſelf, if it do nothing againſt itſelf. It is then the People themſelves who ſuffer, or rather give themſelves up to be devoured, ſince in ceaſing to obey him they would be free. It is the People who enſlave themſelves, who cut their own Throats: Who

having the Choice of being Vaſſals or Freemen, reject their Liberty, and ſubmit to the Yoke, who conſent to their own Evil, or rather procure it. If the Recovery of their Liberty were to coſt them any thing, I would not preſs it: Although the replacing himſelf in his natural Right, and, as I may ſay, of a Beaſt to become a Man, is what every one ought to hold moſt dear. But ſtill I do not require ſo much Courage in him. I do not allow, indeed, that he ſhould prefer an uncertain precarious Security of living at his Eaſe. What? if to obtain his Liberty, he need only deſire it: If there be only wanting a bare Volition, can there be found a Nation in the World, who would think it too dear, being able to gain it by a ſingle Wiſh? Who would grudge the Will of recovering a Good, which we ought to purchaſe at the Price of our Blood? And which loſt, every Man of Honour ought to look upon Life itſelf as a Burthen, and Death a Deliverance. Certainly, juſt as the Fire of a little Spark becomes great,

and

and always increaſes, and the more Fuel it finds, the readier it is to burn, but if no Fuel be added to it, it conſumes itſelf, and is extinguiſhed. Even ſo Tyrants, the more they plunder, the more they require; the more they ruin and deſtroy, the more is given them, the more they are obeyed, ſo much the more do they fortify themſelves, become ſtronger and more able to annihilate and deſtroy all. If nothing be given them, if they be not obeyed, without fighting, without ſtriking a Blow, they remain naked, diſarmed, and are nothing: Like as the Root of a Tree, receiving no Moiſture or Nouriſhment, becomes dry and dead.

The Bold, to acquire the Good ſought for, fear no Danger, the Prudent no Labour. The cowardly and ſtupid can neither ſupport the Evil, nor recover the Good. They content themſelves with the bare Deſire of it, and the Virtue of endeavouring to procure it, is loſt by their Cowardice, although the Deſire of having it remains with

with them by Nature. This Deſire, this Will, to obtain all Things, the Poſſeſſion of which would make them happy, is common to the Wiſe and to the Fooliſh, to the Brave and to the Puſillanimous. I know not how it is, but Nature ſeems to have been wanting in one thing alone to Mankind, in not giving them the Deſire of Liberty; and yet Liberty is ſo great a Good, and ſo lovely, that where it is loſt, all Evils follow one upon another; and even the Good which may remain, entirely loſes it's Guſt and Flavour, being ſpoiled by Servitude. Liberty alone Men do not deſire; for no other Reaſon, it ſeems to me, than that if they ſhould deſire it, they might have it: as if they refuſed to make this great Acquiſition only becauſe it is too eaſy.

Poor and miſerable Creatures, People infatuated, Nations obſtinate in your own Evil, and blind to your own Good, you permit the fineſt and clearеſt of your Revenues to be carried off before

before your Eyes, your Fields to be pillaged, your Houſes to be robbed and deſpoiled of your antient and paternal Furniture. You live in ſuch a Manner, that you cannot ſay any thing is your own. Does it ſeems ſo great a Happineſs, henceforward to poſſeſs by Halves only your Goods, your Families, and your Lives. And all this Deſtruction, Havock, and Ruin come upon you, not from Enemies, but certainly from the ENEMY, from a Man, whom you yourſelves make ſo great as he is; for whom you go ſo courageouſly to War, and for whoſe Grandeur you do not refuſe to loſe your Lives. He who ſo domineers over you, has only two Eyes, two Hands, and one Body, and has nothing but what the leaſt Man of the infinite Number of your own Cities has as well as he, except it be the Power you yourſelves give him for your own Deſtruction. From whence has he ſo many Eyes to watch you, if you do not give them? How has he ſo many Hands to ſtrike you, if he does not take them from you?

you? The Feet with which he tramples upon your Cities, whence hath he them, if they be not yours? How can he have any Power over you but from yourſelves? How would he dare ſo furiouſly to invade you, if he had not Intelligence with you? What could he do to you, if you did not protect the Robber that pillages you? You are Accomplices of the Murtherer who kills you, and Traitors to yourſelves. You ſow and plant that he may deſtroy: You furniſh your Houſes to be a Supply for his Robberies: You bring up your Daughters that he may have wherewithal to ſatiate his Luſt: You educate your Sons, that he may train them to his Wars, that he may ſend them to Slaughter, and make them the Inſtruments of his Rapine, the Executors of his Vengeance: You wear out your own Bodies, that he may ſooth himſelf in his Enjoyments, and wallow in his filthy and beaſtly Pleaſures. You weaken yourſelves to make him ſtronger and more able to bridle and keep you under. You might deliver yourſelves

yourſelves from ſo many Indignities, which the Beaſts themſelves, if they felt them, would not endure, if you had but the Will to attempt it. Reſolve not to obey and you are free. I do not adviſe you to ſhake or overturn him, forbear only to ſupport him, and you will ſee him like a great Coloſſus, from which the Baſis is taken away, fall with his own Weight, and be broken in pieces.

BUT certainly Phyſicians adviſe well, not to tamper with incurable Wounds, and I do not act wiſely in giving Advice to the People concerning theirs, who have loſt long ago all Knowledge of it, and whoſe Inſenſibility alone ſhews it to be mortal. Let us then endeavour to conjecture, if we can, how this obſtinate Deſire of Slavery has ſo far taken Root, that it would ſeem at preſent the Love itſelf of Liberty were not ſo natural.

FIRST then, I believe, it is paſt doubt, that if we lived in Poſſeſſion of the

the Rights Nature has given us, and followed her Dictates, we ſhould naturally be obedient to our Parents, ſubject to Reaſon, and Slaves only, in ſo far as Nature, without any other Advertiſement, points out to us Obedience to our Father or Mother. All Men are Witneſſes, every one in himſelf and for himſelf, if Reaſon be born with us or not; which is a Queſtion thoroughly diſcuſſed by the Academics, and touched by every different School of the Philoſophers. At preſent I ſhall take it for granted, that there is in our Souls ſome natural Seed of Reaſon, which being nouriſhed by good Advice and Cuſtom, in time flouriſhes in Virtue; and which, on the contrary, being often not able to reſiſt Vices that ſurround it, is choaked up and periſhes. But ſurely, if there be any thing clear and certain in Nature, and of which there is no Excuſe for Ignorance, it is this, that Nature, the Miniſter of God, and Governour of Men, has made us all of the ſame Form, and as it would ſeem, in the

ſame

ſame Mould, to the End we ſhould all know each other for Companions, or rather Brothers. And if in diſtributing the Preſents ſhe has made, ſhe has beſtowed ſome Advantages, either in Mind or Body, to ſome more than others: She did not therefore intend to ſend us into this World, as it were into a Place for Combat, and has not ſent down here below the ſtrongeſt and moſt able, as Robbers armed into a Foreſt, to ſpoil the weakeſt; but rather we ought to believe, that by thus aſſigning to ſome the greater Parts, to others the leſſer, ſhe would thereby make way for brotherly Affection to exerciſe itſelf, ſome having Ability to give Aid, and others need of receiving it. Since then this good Mother has given all of us this Earth for a Habitation, has lodged all of us in ſome manner or other in the ſame Houſe, has made us all of the ſame Paſte, that every one might behold himſelf, and, as it were, ſee his own Image in his Neighbour: If ſhe have given to all of us in common that great Preſent of

Voice

Voice and Speech, to unite us by brotherly Affection, and to make by the common and mutual Declaration of our Thoughts, a Communion of our Wills; and if ſhe have endeavoured by all means to bind and tie cloſer the Knot of our Alliance and Society: If ſhe have ſhewn in all things, that ſhe did not mean ſo much to make us all united, as to make us all one: We ought not to doubt but that we are all naturally free, ſince we are all Companions; and it cannot enter into the Thought of any one that Nature has placed us in Servitude, having made us all equal.

But, in truth, it is idle to diſpute whether Liberty be natural, ſince no one can be held in Slavery, without having Injuſtice done him, and there is nothing in the World ſo contrary to Nature, ſhe being altogether reaſonable, as Injuſtice. We may then truly affirm that Liberty is natural, and for the ſame Reaſon, in my Opinion, that we are not only born in Poſſeſſion of our

our Freedom, but with an Affection to defend it. But if it ſo happen, that we make any Doubt of this, and are ſo degenerated, that we are not able to know our own Good, nor likewiſe our true Affections, it is fitting that I ſhew Mankind the Dignity of their Nature, and make the brute Beaſts themſelves teach them their true Condition. The Beaſts, if Men are not too deaf to hear, cry aloud to them, LIBERTY. There are many amongſt them who die as ſoon as they are taken. As the Fiſh loſe their Life as ſoon as they are out of the Water, ſo likewiſe thoſe leave the Light, and will not ſurvive their natural Freedom. If the Animals had amongſt them Orders and Degrees, they would make, in my Opinion, their Nobility conſiſt in Freedom. Others, from the greateſt to the ſmalleſt, when they are taken, make ſo great a Reſiſtance with their Nails, Claws, Hoofs, Feet, and Bills, that they ſufficiently ſhew how dearly they prize what they loſe. Then when they are taken, they give ſo many apparent

parent Signs of the Senſe they have of their Misfortune, that it is a Pleaſure to obſerve they rather languiſh afterwards than live, and that they continue their Life more to bewail their loſt Happineſs, than to pleaſe themſelves in their Bondage. What does the Elephant give us to underſtand, who, when he has defended himſelf ſo long as he is able, ſeeing no Remedy, and juſt upon the Point of being taken, daſhes his Jaws and breaks his Teeth againſt the Trees, but that the great Deſire he hath to remain free as he was born, gives him the Wit and the Thought of merchandizing with the Hunters, and to try, if at the Expence of his Teeth he may get free, and if he may be allowed to truck his Ivory, and pay that Ranſom for his Liberty. We train the Horſe from the Time he is foaled to accuſtom him to Servitude, and yet we cannot ſooth him ſo much, but that when we come to break him, he will bite the Bit, and kick at the Spur, to ſhew as it were his Nature, and teſtify at leaſt, that if he do

ſerve,

ſerve, it is not willingly but by Conſtraint. What ought we then to ſay?

Beneath the Yoke the patient Oxen groan,
And Birds in Cage impriſon'd make their moan.

As I have formerly ſaid ſome where, diverting myſelf with our *French* Poetry. For I am not afraid, in writing to you, *O Longa*, to inſert ſome of my Verſes, which whenever I read to you, I grow vain by your appearing to be ſatisfy'd with them. Since then all things that have Sentiment, from the time they have it, perceive the Evil of Subjection, and run greedily after Liberty: Since the Beaſts, which are even made for the Service of Man, cannot accuſtom themſelves to ſerve but with Reluctance, what Fatality is it, which has been able ſo far to unnaturalize Man, alone born to live free, as to make him loſe the very Remembrance of his firſt State, and the Deſire of recovering it.

THERE

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THERE are three Sorts of Tyrants. Some obtain the Kingdom by Election of the People, ſome by Conqueſt, and others by Succeſſion. Thoſe who have acquired it by Right of War, behave themſelves in ſuch manner, that it is well known they are, as one may ſay, in a Land won by Conqueſt. Thoſe who are born Kings, are commonly little better, but being nouriſhed from their Infancy with the Milk of Tyranny, look upon the People as their hereditary Slaves; and, according to that Complexion to which they are moſt inclined, Avarice, or Prodigality, ſuch as it is, uſe the Kingdom as their Patrimony. He, to whom the People have given the Sovereignty, ought to be, I ſhould think, more ſupportable; and would be ſo, as I believe, were it not, that from the Time he ſees himſelf elevated above the reſt into that Station, flattered by I know not what, they call it Grandeur, he reſolves not to ſuffer the leaſt Diminution of it. Commonly ſuch a one makes

makes account to tranſmit to his Children, the Power which he himſelf had received from the People. From the Time he entertains this Notion, it is incredible how far he ſurpaſſes in all ſorts of Vices, and even Cruelty, other Tyrants. He ſees no other way to ſecure this new Tyranny, but by ſpreading wide the Yoke, and alienating the Subjects ſo much from Liberty, although the Memory of it be yet freſh, that at length he may make them entirely forget it. Therefore, to ſay Truth, I ſee there is ſome Difference between them, as to the means by which they come to reign, but which to prefer I know not, their manner of reigning being ſtill the ſame. Thoſe that are elected, treat the People as wild Bulls which they would tame: The Conquerors think they have a Right as over their Prey: Thoſe by Succeſſion uſe them as their natural Slaves.

BUT to the Purpoſe. If by chance ſome People ſhould be born now, quite new, neither accuſtomed to Subjection,

nor charmed with Liberty, and that they knew not either the one or the other, and ſcarcely their Names: If it were offered to them either to be Subjects or to live free, which would they chooſe? We can make no doubt but they would love much better to obey only Reaſon, than ſerve any Man; excepting perhaps the People of *Iſrael*, who, without Conſtraint, without any Need, made themſelves a Tyrant: The Hiſtory of which People I ſcarce ever read, but I conceive ſuch a Rage againſt them, as even to become inhuman enough to rejoice at the Evils which befel them. But certainly to all Men, ſo long as they have any thing of Man, before they ſuffer themſelves to be enſlaved, one of theſe two Things muſt happen, either that they are forced or deceived: Forced by foreign Arms, as *Sparta* and *Athens*, were by the Arms of *Alexander*; or by Faction, as the Government of *Athens* had ſome time before come into the Hands of *Piſiſtratus*. By Deceit they often loſe their Liberty; and in that they are not ſo often

often ſeduced by others, as deceived by themſelves. Thus the People of *Syracuſe*, the Capital of *Sicily*, being preſſed by Wars, inconſiderately reflecting only on the preſent Danger, advanced *Dionyſius* I, and made him General of the Army; and took no heed, till they had made him ſo great, that this their General, returning victorious, as if he had not vanquiſhed his Enemies, but his Citizens, from Captain made himſelf King, and from King, Tyrant. It is incredible, how ſuddenly the People, the Moment they are enſlaved, fall into ſo profound a Forgetfulneſs of their Freedom, that it is not poſſible for them to rouze themſelves up to regain it, ſerving ſo eaſily and ſo willingly, that one who ſees them would be tempted to ſay, that they had not loſt their Liberty, but their Servitude. It is true, at firſt, they ſerve by Conſtraint, ſubdued by Force; but thoſe who come afterwards, having never ſeen Liberty, and not knowing what it is, obey without Regret, and do willingly that which their Forefathers did

by Conſtraint. So it is, that when Men are born under the Yoke, and being afterwards brought up and educated in Slavery, without looking forward, contenting themſelves to live in the Condition in which they were born, and thinking they have no other Right or other Good but what they found at firſt, they look upon the State of their Birth as their natural State. Nevertheleſs, there is ſcarcely any Heir ſo prodigal and careleſs, but ſometimes he peruſes his Deeds, to ſee if he enjoy all the Rights of his Succeſſion, or whether any Perſon has encroached upon him or his Anceſtors. But certainly Cuſtom, which has in every thing great Power over us, is in no Point ſo prevalent, as in this, of teaching us to ſerve, and (as it is reported of *Mithridates*, who accuſtomed himſelf to drink Poiſon) of learning us to ſwallow, and not perceive the Bitterneſs of the Venom of Servitude. We cannot deny but that Nature has a great Share in us, to draw us which way ſhe pleaſes, and that we may be ſaid,

ſaid, to be either well or ill born: But it muſt be likewiſe confeſſed, that ſhe has leſs Power over us than Cuſtom: Since with Regard to our natural Diſpoſition, how good ſoever it be, it is loſt, if it be not encouraged; and Education forms us always after her own Faſhion, whatſoever it be, in Spight of Nature. The Seeds of Good which Nature ſows in us, are ſo ſmall and ſlippery, that they do not reſiſt the leaſt Shock of a contrary Nurture. They are not ſo eaſily preſerved as they degenerate, periſh and come to nothing, juſt as Fruit Trees, which all have their peculiar Nature, which they keep if encouraged, but leave it immediately to bear foreign Fruits, and not their own, according as they are ingrafted. The Herbs have each their Propriety and Nature: Nevertheleſs, the Froſt, the Weather, the Soil or Hand of the Gardener, either improves or diminiſhes much of their Virtue. The Plant which is ſeen in one Place, can be ſcarce known in another.

To obſerve the *Venetians*, a handful of People, living in ſuch Freedom, that the moſt wicked among them would not be King, and all of them ſo born and bred, that they know no other Ambition, except who ſhall be moſt careful and circumſpect in maintaining their Liberty: So brought up and educated from the Cradle, they would not take all the other Enjoyments upon Earth to loſe the leaſt Point of their Freedom. Whoever ſhall have ſeen, I ſay, theſe great Men, and departing from thence, go into the Territories of him we call the Grand Seignior, ſeeing there a People, which is only born to ſerve and to ſupport him, contentedly reſign their Lives: Could he think that theſe two People were of the ſame Nature, or would he not rather judge, that coming from a City of Men, he had entered into a Park of Beaſts? *Lycurgus*, the Lawgiver of *Sparta*, having brought up, as it is reported, two Dogs of the ſame Litter, both ſuckled with the ſame Milk,

Milk, *(a)* the one grown Fat in the Kitchen, the other accuſtomed in the Fields to the Sound of the Trumpet and Horn; being deſirous to ſhew the *Lacedemonians* that Men are ſuch as Education makes them, brought out the two Dogs into the open Market-Place, and ſet between them a Diſh of Soup and a Hare: The one run to the Diſh, the other to the Hare. And yet, ſays he, they are Brothers. Thus did this great Man, with his Laws and Regulations, educate and form ſo well the *Lacedemonians*, that every one of them would rather have died a thouſand Deaths than acknowledge any other Lord but the Law and the King.

It is with Pleaſure I mention a Converſation, which a Favourite of *Xerxes*, the great King of *Perſia*, formerly held concerning the *Spartans*. When *Xerxes* made Preparations of ſo mighty

(*a*) This is taken from a Treatiſe of *Plutarch*, intituled, *How Children ought to be educated*, Chap. II.

an Army to conquer *Greece*, he ſent his Ambaſſadors through the *Grecian* Cities to demand Water and Earth, which was the Cuſtom of the *Perſians* when they ſummoned Cities, but to *Sparta* and *Athens* he ſent none; becauſe when his Father *Darius* had ſent to make the like Demand, the *Spartans* and *Athenians* had thrown ſome of them into Ditches, and others into Wells, telling them, they might there boldly take Water and Earth and carry to their Prince. Thoſe People could not ſuffer their Liberty to be called in Queſtion even by the leaſt Word. The *Spartans* were ſenſible, that by their having acted in this Manner, they had incurred the Hatred of the Gods themſelves, eſpecially of *Talthybius*, God of the Heralds. They bethought themſelves of ſending to *Xerxes*, to appeaſe them, two of their Citizens, to preſent themſelves to him, that he might uſe them as he ſhould think fit; and, by that means, take Satisfaction for his Father's Ambaſſadors, which they had killed. Two

Spartans,

Spartans, the one called *Sperthies*, the other *Bulis*, willingly offered themſelves to make this Attonement. They went thither, and in their way arrived at the Palace of a *Perſian* called *Hydarnes*, who was Lieutenant for the King over all the Cities of *Aſia* upon the Sea-Coaſt. He received them with great Honour. After ſeveral Diſcourſes, following one after another, he aſked them, wherefore they ſo obſtinately refuſed the King's Friendſhip. Believe, ſaid he, *Spartans*, and ſee by me, how the King knows to honour thoſe who deſerve, and think that if you belonged to him, he would uſe you in the like manner. If you were his Subjects, and that he once knew you, there would not be a Man amongſt you who would not be Lord of a City of *Greece*: In this, *Hydarnes*, reply'd the *Lacedemonians*, you are not able to give us good Advice, becauſe the Good you promiſe us you have indeed taſted, but that which we enjoy, you know not what it is: You have experienced the King's Favour, but you are entirely ignorant

what reliſh Liberty has, and how ſweet it is. But if you yourſelf had taſted of it, you would adviſe us to defend it, not only with the Lance and Shield, but with our Teeth and Nails. The *Spartans* alone ſpoke what they ought, but certainly each of them ſpoke as they had been brought up. For it could not poſſibly be, that the *Perſian* ſhould regret Liberty, having never enjoyed it, nor that the *Lacedemonians* could bear Subjection, having taſted of Freedom.

CATO of *Utica*, being yet a Child, and under the Rod, very much frequented the Houſe of *Sylla* the Dictator, where, as well on Account of his Rank and Family, as that they were near Relations, the Doors were never ſhut to him. He had always his Maſter with him when he went thither, as was the Cuſtom for Children well born. He perceived, that in the Palace of *Sylla*, in his Preſence, or by his Command, ſome were impriſoned, others condemned, one was baniſhed, another

another ſtrangled, one demanded the Confiſcation of a Citizen, and another his Head. In fine, every thing was done, not as by an Officer of the City, but a Tyrant of the People, and it was not a Seat of Juſtice, but a Dungeon of Tyranny. This noble Child ſaid to his Maſter: *(a)* Why do not you give me a Dagger? I will hide it under my Gown. I go often into *Sylla*'s Chamber before he riſes. I have an Arm ſtrong enough to rid the City of him. Here is a ſaying truly worthy of *Cato*. This was a Beginning of that great Perſonage agreeable to his Death. Nevertheleſs, though neither his Name nor Country were mentioned, let the Fact be only related ſuch as it is, the thing will ſpeak itſelf, and we muſt certainly conclude, that he was a *Roman*, and born in *Rome*, but in the true *Rome*, and when it was free. To what Purpoſe is all this? Not

(*a*) *Plutarch* in the Life of *Cato* of *Utica*, Chap. I.

certainly that I think the Country and Soil ſignify any thing, for in all Countries, in every Climate, Servitude is diſagreeable, and Liberty ſweet.

BUT I am of Opinion, that we ſhould pity thoſe who at their Birth find the Yoke about their Necks, and that we ought either to excuſe or pardon them, if having never ſeen ſo much as the Shadow of Liberty, and not being advertiſed of it, they are not ſenſible of the Misfortune they labour under in being Slaves. If there be ſome Countries, as *Homer* relates of the *Cimmerians*, where the Sun appears otherwiſe than to us, and after having ſhone on them ſix Months without Intermiſſion, he leaves them ſleeping in Obſcurity, without coming to reviſit them the other half Year. Would one wonder that thoſe who ſhould be born during this long Night, and had never ſeen the Day, nor heard any mention of Light, ſhould accuſtom themſelves to the Darkneſs in which they were bred, without deſiring the Light?

We

We never pine for what we never had; Regret never comes but after Pleaſure, and the Remembrance of paſt Joy is ever accompanied with the Knowledge of the Good once poſſeſt. The natural Diſpoſition of Man is to be free, and to deſire to be ſo; but likewiſe his Nature is ſuch, that he always retains the Byaſs which Education gives him.

Let us conclude then, although all things may be ſaid to be natural to Man in which he has been brought up, and to which he has been accuſtomed, yet only that is truly ſo, to which his pure and unchanged Nature calls him: So the firſt Reaſon of this voluntary Servitude, is Cuſtom, like the generous Steeds who at firſt bite the Bitt, but afterwards play with it; and whereas not long ago they would not endure the Saddle, they now patiently ſubmit to the Harneſs, and full of Pride march ſtately under their Trappings. The People ſay, they have always been Subjects, that their Fathers lived ſo.

They

They think they are bound patiently to endure the Curb, and make themſelves believe it by Examples, and ground their Opinion upon the Length of Time, and the Poſſeſſion of thoſe who tyrannize over them. But, certainly, Length of Time gives no Right to do ill, but rather heightens the Injury. There are always ſome, better born than the reſt, who are ſenſible of the Weight of the Yoke, and cannot refrain from throwing it off, who can never become tame in Subjection, but always, like *Ulyſſes*, who by Sea and by Land was continually endeavouring to ſee the Smoak of his own Chimney, cannot help reflecting on their natural Privileges, and remembring their Predeceſſors and former Condition. Theſe are the Men, who having clear Underſtandings, and ſharp ſighted Wits, are not ſatisfied with the Bulk of the People, in looking only where they ſtep, but likewiſe take a View both of what is before and behind them, and recal the Memory of Things paſt to compare with the preſent, and make

make a Judgment of the future. Theſe are they, who having good Heads of their own, have, beſides that, improved them by Study and Knowledge. Theſe Men, were Liberty entirely loſt and out of the World, conceiving it, and finding it in their own Minds, and charmed with it's lovely Image, could never reliſh Servitude, how findly ſoever it might be dreſſed up. The great *Turk* was well apprized of this, that Books and Literature give Men Occaſion more than any thing elſe of knowing themſelves, and hating Tyranny; and, as I am informed, in his Dominions he has not many more learned Men than he would wiſh. But commonly the great Zeal and Affection of thoſe who have preſerved in ſpite of Time, a Devotion for Freedom, how large ſoever their Number may be, remain without Effect, by their not knowing one another. The Liberty either of doing or ſpeaking, and almoſt of thinking, is taken away from them by the Tyrant. They are all ſingle in their Opinions. And therefore

fore *Momus* was not out of the way, when he found Fault with the Man that *Vulcan* had made, becauſe he had not placed a little Window in his Heart, whereby his Thoughts might be ſeen. It has been ſaid, that *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, when they formed the Deſign of delivering *Rome*, or rather the World, were not willing that *Cicero*, that great Zealot for Publick Good, if ever any Man was ſo, ſhould be of the Party, and judged his Heart too weak for ſo high an Enterprize. They were well aſſured of his Will, but they doubted his Courage. Nevertheleſs, any one who would run over the Actions of Times paſt, and the antient Annals, will find few or none of thoſe, who ſeeing their Country ill treated, and in bad Hands, have attempted with a good Intention it's Delivery, but have gained their Point, and Liberty in ſhewing itſelf, has itſelf brought Aid. *Harmodius*, *Ariſtogiton*, *Thraſybulus*, *Brutus* the Elder, *Valerius*, and *Dion*, as they thought virtuouſly, ſo they atchieved happily. In ſuch a Caſe, Fortune was ſcarce ever

ever wanting to a good Will. *Brutus* the Younger, and *Caſſius* happily ſhook off Slavery, but in reſtoring Liberty they died, though not miſerably. For how great a Crime would it be to ſay, there was any thing miſerable, either in the Life or Death of ſuch Men? But their Fall was to the great Loſs, the perpetual Misfortune, and entire Ruin of the Commonwealth, which in my Opinion, was buried with them. The Enterprizes againſt the other *Roman* Emperors were only Conſpiracies of ambitious Men, who are not to be pitied for the Inconveniences they fell under: It being eaſy to ſee, their Intention was, not to take away, but to uſurp the Crown, pretending to dethrone the Tyrant, and yet deſigning to retain the Tyranny. To thoſe I would not have wiſhed Succeſs; and am pleaſed that they have ſhewn by their Example, the ſacred Name of Liberty ought not to be abuſed to any ſiniſter End.

BUT to return to my Purpoſe from which I have digreſſed, the firſt Reaſon

ſon why Men ſerve willingly, is, that they are born Slaves, and bred up ſuch. From this proceeds another, that the People eaſily become cowardly and effeminate under Tyrants: For which I ſtand indebted to *Hippocrates*, that grand Father of Phyſic, who was well apprized of this, and has ſo ſaid in his Treatiſe concerning Diſeaſes *(d)*. This Man had certainly a noble Soul, and gave a Proof of it, when the *(e)* Great King was willing to draw him into his Service by the Force of ample Rewards and Preſents: He frank-

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(d) It is not in that Treatiſe of Diſeaſes which *Boetie* quotes here, but in another, entituled περὶ ἀέρων ὑδάτων τοπων, where *Hippocrates* ſays, §. That the moſt warlike People of *Aſia*, whether *Greeks* or *Barbarians*, are thoſe, who not being governed deſpotically, live under Laws which they impoſe upon themſelves, and that where Men live under abſolute Kings, they are neceſſarily Cowards. The ſame Thought is found more particularly explained in the 40th Part of the ſame Work.

(e) So the *Greeks* called the *Perſian* King.

ly

ly returned for anſwer *(f)*, that he made it Matter of Conſcience to undertake the Cure of *Barbarians* who would kill the *Greeks*, or to be any ways ſerviceable by his Art to him, who was endeavouring to enſlave *Greece*. The Letter which he ſent *Artaxerxes* is yet to be ſeen among his other Works,

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(f) A Peſtilential Diſtemper having ſpread itſelf in the Army of *Artaxerxes*, King of *Perſia*, that Prince being adviſed to have Recourſe, upon this Occaſion, to *Hippocrates*, wrote to *Hyſtanes*, Governor of the *Helleſpont*, charging him to allure *Hippocrates* to the *Perſian* Court, by offering him whatever Sums of Money he ſhould demand, and to aſſure him from the King, that he ſhould have equal Rank with the greateſt Lords in *Perſia*. *Hyſtanes* punctually fulfilled this Order, but *Hippocrates* immediately returned for anſwer to him, that he was ſufficiently provided with all things neceſſary for Life, and that it was not permitted him to partake of the Riches of the *Perſians*, nor to employ his Skill to cure *Barbarians*, who were Enemies of the *Greeks*. *Artaxerxes*'s Letter to *Hyſtanes*, that of *Hyſtanes* to *Hippocrates*, and *Hippocrates*'s Anſwer, from whence all the Particulars are taken which make up this Article, are at the End of *Hippocrates*'s Works.

and

and will for ever be a Witneſs of his great Soul and noble Diſpoſition. It is then certain, that Courage is loſt with Liberty. An enſlaved People have no Spirit to fight; they meet Danger like Slaves tied together by a Chain, dull and lifeleſs, and do not feel that Ardour for Freedom glowing in their Breaſts, which inſpires a Contempt of Danger, and the Ambition of purchaſing by a noble Death, a glorious Name amongſt their Companions. Free Men contend who ſhall fight moſt valiantly, each one for the common Good, and each for himſelf: They expect to have all their Share either in the Diſgrace of the Defeat, or in the Glory of the Victory. But the enſlaved, beſides the Loſs of this warlike Courage, loſe alſo their Vivacity in every thing elſe, have Hearts low and effeminate, and are incapable of any thing great. This Tyrants know, and perceiving their Byaſs, do all they can to cheriſh this Diſpoſition, and make them more weak and effeminate.

XENOPHON,

XENOPHON, a grave Hiſtorian, and of the firſt Rank amongſt the *Greeks*, has compoſed a little Treatiſe *(g)*, in which he introduces *Simonides* diſcourſing with *Hiero*, King of *Syracuſe*, of the Miſeries of a Tyrant. This Book is full of good Advice, delivered in as handſome a Manner as poſſible. Would to God that all Tyrants would peruſe it, and make uſe of it as a Looking-Glaſs. I cannot think, but they would diſcover their Blotches, and conceive ſome Shame of their Deformities. In this Treatiſe he recounts the Miſery in which Tyrants are, who are forced, by uſing ALL ill, to be afraid of ALL. Amongſt other things, he ſays, that bad Kings employ Foreigners in their Wars, and hire them, not daring to truſt Arms in the Hands of their own People, whom they have injuriouſly treated. There have been, in-

(g) Intituled *Hieron*, or a Deſcription of the Condition of Kings.

deed,

deed, good Kings, even amongſt the *French*, who have entertained in their Pay foreign Nations, though more frequently formerly than at preſent, but with a very different Intention, to preſerve their own People, looking upon the Loſs of Money as nothing in Compariſon of huſbanding their Men. Much to the ſame Purpoſe was the ſaying of *Scipio Africanus*, I think, that he would much rather chuſe to ſave the Life of one Citizen, than deſtroy a hundred Enemies. But this is undoubted, that a Tyrant never thinks his Power ſufficiently ſecured, until he has gained this Point, that there is not left one Man of Worth under him. Then, with great Juſtice may be apply'd to him, that which *Thraſo* in *Terence* boaſts to have reproached the Maſter of the Elephants with *(h)*. And are you thus proud becauſe you command Wild Beaſts? But this Artifice uſed by

(h) Eone es ferox, quia habes imperium in belluas. Ter. Eunuch. Act. III. Sc. i. v. 25.

Tyrants

Tyrants of IMBRUTING their Subjects, cannot appear more clearly than by what *Cyrus* did to the *Lydians*, after he was Maſter of *Sardis*, the Capital of *Lydia*, and that he had received *Crœſus*, that rich King, into Mercy, and had carried him away Priſoner. They brought him the News that the *Sardians* were revolted. He ſoon reduced them again undér his Obedience; but not being willing to give up to the Mercy of the Soldier ſo fine a City, nor to be always at the Trouble of keeping an Army there to prevent its Defection, he fell upon a notable Expedient to make it ſure to him. He eſtabliſhed therein *(i)* Brothels, Taverns, and public Plays, and publiſhed this Edict, that the Inhabitants ſhould hold them in Eſteem. This Garriſon was of ſuch Service to him, that he never afterwards was put to the Neceſſity of drawing a Sword againſt the *Lydians*. This

(i) Herodotus, Lib. 1. Pag. 63. Edit. Gronov.

poor

poor miſerable People amuſed themſelves with the inventing all Sorts of Games; inſomuch, that the *Romans* have from thence derived their Word, and that which we call Sports or Games, they called LUDI, as if they would have ſaid LYDI or *Lydians*. All Tyrants have not thus openly declared, that they would make their People effeminate; but in Truth what this one formally and expreſsly ordained, they have underhand for the moſt Part compaſſed. It is in Truth the natural Diſpoſition of the meaner Sort, whoſe Number is always greateſt in Cities. They are ſuſpicious with Regard to him who loves them, and credulous towards him who deceives them. I do not think there is a Bird which is more eaſily allured by the Pipe, nor a Fiſh that more greedily ſwallows the Bait, than all the lower People are, inveigled into Servitude, for the moſt childiſh Trifle that is but ſhewn them. It is indeed a wonderful Thing that they ſhould ſuffer themſelves to be catched ſo ſoon as the Bait is offered. Publick

Theatres,

Theatres, Plays, Farces, Shews, Gladiators, Foreign Wild Beaſts, Medals, Pictures, and ſuch like Amuſements, were to the Antients the Decoys of Servitude, the Price of their Liberty, and the Inſtruments of Tyranny. Theſe Allurements brought the Subjects of former Times under the Yoke. So that the beſotted People finding theſe Diverſions agreeable, enchanted by the vain Pleaſure of what they beheld, accuſtomed themſelves to ſerve as ſimply, but more to their Loſs, as little Children, who learn to read, by ſeeing the ſhining Figures upon illuminated Books. The *Roman* Tyrants had alſo another Artifice, *viz.* That of feaſting often the publick Wards of the City, cajolling the Populace (as was neceſſary) who are more eaſily won by good Chear, than by any thing elſe. The Man of beſt Senſe among them, would not have parted with his Meſs of Soup to have recovered the Liberty of *Plato*'s Commonwealth. The Tyrants gave Largeſſes of a Buſhel of Corn, a Gallon of Wine, and a Seſterce a Man, and

then it would have grieved one to hear them cry, *Long live the King!* The Fools did not conſider, that they only got back a Part of their own, and that which they did recover, the Tyrant could not have given them, if he had not taken it from themſelves before. One who had hoarded the Seſterce to day, another, who had gorged himſelf at the publick Feaſt, bleſſing *Tiberius*, or *Nero*, for their great Liberality, perhaps, on the morrow was obliged, with a brutiſh Stupidity, to give up his Goods to the Avarice, his Children to the Luſt, and even his own Life to the ſavage Cruelty of theſe magnificent Emperors. The Populace have been always of this Diſpoſition. Their Hearts are open and diſſolute to the Pleaſures which they ought not with Decency to receive, and inſenſible to the Injuries and Miſeries which they ought not with Decency to ſuffer. There is now no body, who but hearing mention made of *Nero*, does not even tremble at the Name of that wicked Monſter, that Diſgrace of human Nature. And yet we

we find, that after his Death (deteſtable as was his Life) *(k)* the noble *Roman* People were in ſuch Concern, calling to mind his Plays and Feaſts, that they were very near going into Mourning for him. So *Cornelius Tacitus* has wrote, an Author of undoubted Credit. Which will not be thought ſtrange, if we conſider, what that ſame People did at the Death of *Julius Cæſar*, who aboliſhed both their Laws and Liberty, whoſe only Merit was his Humanity; which, although ſo much extolled, was more pernicious to his Country, than the greateſt Cruelty of the moſt ſavage Tyrant that ever lived. For, in Truth, it was this enchanting Bait that ſweetened Servitude to the *Roman* People. But after his Death, that People who had yet his Banquets in their Mouths, and in their Mind the Memory of his Pro-

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(k) Plebs ſordida, & circo ac Theatris ſueta, ſimul deterrimi ſervorum, aut qui adeſis bonis, per dedecus Neronis alebantur, mœſti.

Tacit. Hiſt. Lib. 1. ab initio.

digalities, to ſhew him their Reſpect, and make his funeral Pile, heaped together, ſtriving to outdo one another, *(l)* all the Seats of the *Forum*, and then raiſed for him a *(m)* Pillar of *Numidian* Marble, as to the Father of his Country, for ſo it was wrote on the Capital, and rendered him more Honours, dead as he was, than ought to have been given to any Man; unleſs, perhaps, to thoſe who killed him. The *Roman* Emperors did not forget likewiſe to aſſume commonly the Title of Tribune of the People, as well, becauſe that Office was held ſacred and inviolable; as alſo, becauſe it was eſtabliſhed for the Defence and Protection of the People, and by the Favour and Allowance of the State. By this means they flattered themſelves, that the People would have more Con-

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(l) Suetonius, in the Life of *Julius Cæſar*, §. 84.

(m) Poſtea ſolidam Columnam prope viginti pedum lapidis Numidici in foro ſtatuit, ſcripſitque. PARENTI PATRIÆ. Suetonius, Ibid. §. 85.

fidence

ſidence in them, as if they ought to be ſatisfy'd with the Name, without being ſenſible of it's Effect.

On the contrary, they do not act much better, at preſent, who never do any Evil, at leaſt of Conſequence, but they gild it over with ſome fine Pretence of common Good, and the Eaſe of the Public. For you know well, *O Longa*, the Pretexts and Preambles which in ſome Places they can make uſe of, plauſible enough. But, for the moſt Part, there cannot certainly be much Art in them, where there is ſo much Impudence. The Kings of *Aſſyria*, and after them thoſe of the *Medes*, appeared in public as ſeldom as poſſible, that the Populace might be in doubt, whether they were not ſomething more than Men, and to leave thoſe in that Conceit, who eaſily become Viſionaries in Things they cannot ſee with their Eyes. Thus ſo many Nations, which were for a long Time under the *Aſſyrian* Empire, by this Myſtery were accu-

ſtomed to Servitude, and obeyed the more willingly, for not knowing what Maſter they had, nor ſcarce if they had any, and were upon Truſt, afraid of a Man, whom no body had ſeen. The firſt Kings of *Egypt* never appeared in Public, but they carried ſometimes the Bough of a Tree, ſometimes Fire upon their Heads, thus playing the Juggler, they thought to inſpire Reverence and Admiration in the Subject by their frantic Diſguiſe, whereas to People, who had not been either very ſilly, or very much enſlaved, they had afforded only, in my Opinion, Matter for Paſtime and Deriſion.

It moves Pity to hear, of how many Things the Tyrants of former Times took Advantage, to eſtabliſh their Tyranny: Of how many little Means they made great Uſe, having found the Populace ready to be bubbled, for whom they could ſpread no Net but what they were taken in, and in deceiving of whom, they have always ſucceeded ſo well, that they never more

more enſlaved them, than when they moſt made a Jeſt of them.

WHAT ſhall I ſay of another fine Trick which paſſed amongſt the Antients for current Coin? They firmly believed, *(n)* that one of the great Toes of *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, performed Miracles, and cured People of the Spleen.

To raiſe the Miracle higher, they pretended, that this Toe, after all the Body was burnt, was found among the Aſhes, untouched by the Fire. Thus the People themſelves, firſt invent Lies, and then believe them. Many Authors have recorded ſuch like Fables, but in a Way, that it is eaſy to ſee, they have taken them from Reports in Cities, and the ridiculous Babble of the Populace. *Veſpaſian* returning from *Aſſyria*, and

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(n) All that is ſaid here of *Pyrrhus*, is reported by *Plutarch*, in his Life, Chap. II.

paſſing through *Alexandria*, in his Way to *Rome*, to take Poſſeſſion of the Empire, performed Miracles. *(o)* He reſtored the Lame, he made the Blind to ſee; and although otherwiſe poſſeſſed of many fine Qualities, whoever does not perceive the Fault he committed in this, is, in my Opinion, more blind than thoſe he pretended to cure. The Tyrants themſelves have thought it very ſtrange, that Men ſhould bear with one who does them an Injury. They have been very deſirous to make Uſe of Religion as their Body-Guard; and, if it were poſſible, would have borrowed ſome Ray of the Divinity, for the Defence of their wicked Lives. Therefore, *Salmoneus*, if one may believe the Sybil of *Virgil*, and her Deſcription of Hell, for having thus mocked Mankind, and endeavoured to perſonate *Jupiter*, now meets with his Reward in the loweſt Hell.

(o) Suetonius, in *Veſpaſian*'s Life, §. 7.

Salmoneus

Salmoneus, *ſuff'ring cruel Pains, I found*
For emulating Jove; *the rattling Sound*
Of mimic Thunder, and the glitt'ring Blaze
Of pointed Lightnings, and their forky Rays.
Through Elis, *and the* Grecian *Towns he flew,*
Th' audacious Wretch four fiery Courſers drew:
He wav'd a Torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought Godlike Worſhip from a ſervile Train.
Ambitious Fool, with horny Hoofs to paſs
O'er hollow Arches, of reſounding Braſs;
To rival Thunder, in its rapid Courſe,
And imitate inimitable Force.
But he, the King of Heav'n, obſcure on high,
Barr'd his red Arm, and launching from the Sky
His writhen Bolt, not ſhaking empty Smoak,
Down to the deep Abyſs the flaming Felon ſtrook.

If this Man, who was only a Fool, is ſo well chaſtiſed there, I believe thoſe who have made Religion a Cloak for their Wickedneſs, will be more ſeverely puniſhed. Our Kings have ſpread about in *France*, I know not what Stories of this Sort; of Toads, of Lillies, of the holy Oil, and of the Standard with Flames of Gold. *(p)* For my own

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(p) By all that *Boetie* tells us here, of the *Lillies*, of the *Holy Oil*, and of the *Standard with Flames of Gold*, it is eaſy to find out his true Sentiments concerning the Miracles reported of them. And Monſieur *Peſquier* thought the ſame about them as *Boetie* did. In his *Recherches de la France*, Lib. VIII. Cap. 21. There are in every State, ſays he, a great many Stories which are handed down from great Antiquity, without our being able, for the moſt Part, to trace their true Origin; and, nevertheleſs, they are held not only for true, but for greatly authorized and holy. Of ſuch Sort we find many, as well in *Greece*, as in the City of *Rome*. And almoſt in the ſame Manner, we have forged amongſt us the antient Opinion we had of the *Standard with Flames of Gold*, the Conceit of our *Lillies*, which we attribute to the Divinity, and many other ſuch Things, which although they are not warranted

own Part, I will not be a Miſbeliever in theſe Particulars, ſince neither we nor our Anceſtors have ever had, as yet, any Occaſion to contradict them, having always had Princes ſo good in Peace, ſo valiant in War, that altho' they were born Kings, it ſeems as if they had not been made like others by Nature, but choſen by God Almighty before they were born, for the Government and Preſervation of this

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ranted by antient Authors, notwithſtanding it is fitting that every good Citizen ſhould believe them for the Honour of the Kingdom. All this reduced to it's true Senſe, imports, that we muſt believe Things of this Kind out of Complaiſance, *ch'il crederle, è Corteſia.* In another Paragraph of the ſame Work (Lib. II. Ca. 17.) *Paſquier* takes Notice, that there were ſome Kings of *France*, who bore three Toads for their Arms, but that *Clovis*, to make his Kingdom more miraculous, ordered the *Lillies* to be brought him by a Hermit. as it were by Direction from Heaven, which have continued to our Time. This laſt Paſſage has no need of a Commentary. The Author declares there very clearly, and without any Evaſion, to whom we ought to attribute the Forgery of our *Lillies.*

Kingdom. But if it ſhould not be ſo, ſtill I am not willing to enter the Liſts, to call in Queſtion the Truth of our Hiſtories, or to examine them ſo ſtrictly, as to take away theſe fine Conceits, in which our *French* Poetry has ſuch a Field to exert itſelf, ſo much better dreſſed than formerly, that it would ſeem quite new caſt, by our *Ronſard*, *Baif*, and *Bellay*, who daily make ſo great Improvements in our Language, that I dare hope, the *Greek* and *Roman* Languages, in a little Time, will not excel ours but by their Antiquity. And certainly I ſhould do a great Injury to our Rhime, (I chuſe that Word, and am not diſpleaſed with it,) for, although a great many have made it in a Manner mechanic: Nevertheleſs, I ſee ſome Genius's ſo much in love with it, as to render it noble once more, and give it back it's firſt Honour. But I ſhould do it, I ſay, a great Injury to take away from it now thoſe fine Stories of King *Clovis*, in which, methinks, I already ſee, how pleaſantly, how

gayly the Vein of our *Ronſard*, will ſport itſelf in his *Franciade*. I know his Force, I know his poignant Wit, I know the Beauties of the Man. He will make as good a Uſe of our Standard with Flames of Gold, as the *Romans* did of their *Ancilia*, (q) thoſe Shields dropped from Heaven, as *Virgil* calls them. He will manage our holy Oil, as well as the *Athenians* did their Baſket (r) of *Eriſicthone*.

(q) - - - - - *& lapſa ancilia Cœlo.*
VIRGIL. Æneid. L. VIII. Ver. 664.

(r) *Callimachus*, in his Hymn to *Ceres*, mentions the Basket deſcending, as it may be ſuppoſed, from Heaven, and being carried in the Evening to *Ceres*'s Temple, at the Celebration of her Feaſt. *Suidas*, on the Word Κανηφοροι, or Baſket-bearers, ſays, the Ceremony of the Baskets was inſtituted in *Eriſicthon*'s Time, from which Authority, *Boetie*, perhaps, may have called it *Eriſicthon*'s Basket. But the 32d Verſe of *Callimachus*'s Hymn may ſeem to allude to it, for there it is ſaid, ἀχείρων Ερισίχθον ἄλκατο βωλά. The *Latin* Tranſlation has it, there a bad Counſel ſeized *Eriſicthon*; but it ſhould have been rendered, there a worſe Counſel ſeized *Eriſicthon*,

ſicthone. He will diſplay our Arms, which are ſtill in the Tower of *Minerva.* I ſhould certainly be much to blame to give the Lie to our Books, and to invade, as it were, the Province of our Poets. But to return from where I know not how, I have turned the Thread of my Diſcourſe. Has it ever been otherwiſe, but that Tyrants, to ſecure themſelves, have always tried to enure the People, not only to Obedience and Servitude, but even to a Kind of Devotion towards them. Therefore, what I have ſaid hitherto, which ſhews, that the People ſerve voluntarily, is of no Uſe to Tyrants,

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riſicthon; alluding, it would ſeem, to the Basket which he had before inſtituted in Honour of *Ceres*; whereas now he was about to inſult her, and cut down a Tree ſacred to the Goddeſs, for which he was puniſhed with an inſatiable Hunger, as related by *Ovid*, at the the End of the 8th Book of his *Metamorphoſis*, and by *Callimachus*, from whom *Ovid* has borrowed this Fable. The learned Editor, not having put any Note upon this Place, the Tranſlator has endeavoured to illuſtrate it, being ſomewhat obſcure.

but with Reſpect to the low and mean Populace.

But now I come, in my Opinion, to the Point, which is the true and ſecret Spring of Sovereignty, the very Bulwark and Foundation of Tyranny. Whoever thinks that the Halberts of the Guards, and the Arms of the Centinels, are the Security of Tyrants, in my Judgment, is much deceived: They make uſe of them, I believe, more for Shew and Oſtentation, than for any Confidence they place in them. The Guards hinder from entring into the Palace, thoſe who are inexpert, who have not concerted well their Meaſures, not thoſe who are armed and able to execute any Enterprize. It would appear upon Enquiry, that there have not been ſo many *Roman* Emperors who have been preſerved by their Guards, as have periſhed by them. Troops of Horſe, Companies of Foot, are not the Arms by which Tyrants are defended. At firſt, one can ſcarcely believe it, nevertheleſs

vertheleſs it is true. There are always four or five who ſupport the Tyrant, four or five who keep the all Country in Bondage. It has always ſo happened, that five or ſix have had the Tyrant's Ear, have made their Way to him of themſelves, or been called by him, to be the Accomplices of his Cruelties, the Companions of his Pleaſures, Panders to his Luſt, and Sharers of his Plunders. Theſe ſix manage their Chief ſo well, that by the Bond of Society he muſt be wicked, not only to gratify his own Propenſity, but likewiſe theirs. Theſe ſix have ſix Hundred, which ſpoil under them; and theſe ſix Hundred are to them, what the ſix are to the Tyrant. Theſe ſix Hundred have under them ſix Thouſand, whom they have raiſed to Poſts, to whom they have given either the Government of Provinces, or the Management of the public Monies, that they may be Inſtruments of their Avarice and Cruelty, and execute their Orders at a proper Time. Theſe ſubordinate Officers do ſo much Miſchief

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to their Fellow Citizens, that they cannot live but under the Shadow of their Superiors, nor eſcape the Puniſhment due to their Crimes by the Laws, but through their Connivance and Protection. The Conſequence of this is fatal indeed. Whoſoever will amuſe himſelf in tracing this Chain, will ſee, that not only the ſix Thouſand, but the one hundred Thouſand, the Millions, are faſtened to the Tyrant by it, of which he makes the ſame Uſe as *Jupiter* does in *Homer*, who boaſts, that if he but touch the End of it, he can draw all the Gods towards him. From hence aroſe the Augmentation of the Senate under *Julius Cæſar*, the Eſtabliſhment of new Dignities, and Election for Offices, not certainly (to take it right) for the Reformation of Juſtice, but for new Supports of Tyranny. In ſhort, it comes to this, that what by Favours, Emoluments, and ſharing of the Plunder with Tyrants, there are almoſt as many to whom Tyranny is profitable, as there are to whom Liberty would be agreeable.

agreeable. Juſt as Phyſicians ſay, that if there be a Gangreen in our Bodies, and a Fermentation ariſes any where elſe, it immediately flows towards the corrupted Part; even ſo from the inſtant a King commences Tyrant, all the wicked, all the Dregs of the Kingdom, I do not ſay a Gang of Thieves and Robbers (who can neither do harm nor good to the Commonwealth) but thoſe who are remarkable for unmeaſurable Ambition, and inſatiable Avarice, crowd about him to have their Share of the Booty, and be under the great Tyrant, Tyrants themſelves. This is the Way of the great Robbers and of the famous Pyrates. Some take a View of the Country, others purſue and rob the Travellers, ſome lie in Ambuſh, others are Scouts, ſome murder, others pillage; and altho' there are amongſt them different Ranks, and ſome are only Servants, others Leaders and Chiefs of the Troop, there is not one of them, who does not participate of the principal Booty, at leaſt in the Trouble of finding it out. It is ſaid,

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the *Cilician* Pirates not only aſſembled themſelves in ſo great Numbers, that there was a Neceſſity of ſending *Pompey* the Great againſt them, but that they likewiſe drew into their Alliance many fine Towns and Cities, in whoſe Harbours they ſecurely ſheltered themſelves, returning from their Cruizes; and, in Recompence, gave them a Share of the Profit.

THUS the Tyrant enſlaves his Subjects by the means of one another, and is guarded by thoſe, of whom, if they had any Spirit, he ought to be afraid; but, as we ſay, to cleave Wood, Wedges are made of the Wood itſelf. Theſe are his true Guards and Halberdeers. Not but that they themſelves ſometimes ſuffer by him, but then theſe Wretches, abandoned of God and Man, are content to bear the Evil, ſo they may but return it, not upon him who does them the Injury, but upon thoſe who ſuffer as well as they, and cannot retaliate. And yet, when I ſee theſe Men thus flattering the Tyrant,

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to make their own Uſe of his Tyranny, and the Bondage of the People, I often wonder at their Wickedneſs, and ſometimes pity their Stupidity. For, in truth, what is it to be near the Perſon of a Tyrant, but to be the farther from Liberty; and, as I may ſay, to graſp with both Hands, and embrace Servitude. Let them only for a while lay aſide their Ambition, and moderate a little their Avarice: And then let them view and know themſelves: They cannot but ſee, that the Farmers, the Huſbandmen, whom they trample under Foot as much as poſſible, and uſe worſe than Galley-Slaves; they muſt ſee, I ſay, that theſe Men, ſo ill treated, are nevertheleſs, in Compariſon of them happy, and in ſome Manner free. The Labourer and Artizan, notwithſtanding they are Servants to their Maſters, are quit by doing what they are bid. But the Tyrant ſees thoſe that are about him, begging and ſuing for his Favour; and they muſt not only do what he commands, but they muſt think as he would

would have them, and muſt often, to ſatisfy him, even prevent his Thoughts. It is not ſufficient to obey him, they muſt alſo pleaſe him, they muſt harraſs, torment, nay kill themſelves in his Service; and, (for they muſt be pleaſed with his Pleaſures) they muſt leave their own Taſte for his, force their Inclination, and throw off their natural Diſpoſitions. They muſt carefully obſerve his Words, his Voice, his Eyes, and even his Nod. They muſt have neither Eyes, Feet, nor Hands, but what muſt be ALL upon the Watch, to ſpy out his Will, and diſcover his Thoughts. Is this to live happily? Does it indeed deſerve the Name of Life? Is there any thing in the World ſo inſupportable? I do not ſay to a Man well-born, but to one that has common Senſe, or, without more, the Face of a Man. What Condition can be more miſerable, than to live in this Manner, to have nothing that can be called their own; holding from another Eaſe, Liberty, Body, and Life?

But they ſerve to get Eſtates, as if they could get any thing which properly may be ſaid to belong to them, when they cannot ſay of themſelves, that they are their own Maſters. And as if any one could have any thing his own under a Tyrant; they flatter themſelves that their Eſtates are their own, and do not reflect, that they give him the Power to take all from all, and leave nothing, which can be ſaid to belong to any body. They ſee that nothing renders Men Objects of his Cruelty but Riches, and there is no Crime worthy Death with him, but the having an Eſtate: That he loves nothing but Riches, that he deſtroys only the rich, who come to preſent themſelves as it were before the Executioner, to offer themſelves fat and well fed, as a fit Sacrifice. Theſe Favourites ought not ſo much to think of thoſe who have gained great Eſtates under Tyrants, as of thoſe, who having for ſome little time heap'd up Wealth, have ſhortly

ly after loſt both their Eſtates and Lives. They ought not to call to mind how many others have gain'd Riches, but how little time they have kept them. Search all the ancient Hiſtories, reflect on thoſe within our own Times, and you will plainly ſee, how great the Number of thoſe are who having gained the Ear of their Princes by bad means, and having either found Employment for their Wickedneſs, or abuſed their Credulity, have at length been reduc'd to nothing by thoſe very Princes, who have been no leſs inconſtant than profuſe in their Favours, and as forward to deſtroy, as they were to raiſe their Favourites. Certainly amongſt ſo great a Number who have been always about bad Kings, there are few, if any, who have not felt, ſome time or other, in their own Perſons, that very Cruelty which they had before excited againſt others: And having for the moſt part enrich'd themſelves under the ſhadow of his Favour, with the Spoils of others, they themſelves, at laſt, have enrich'd others

others with their own Spoils. Even good Men, if ſometimes it happen that ſuch are beloved by the Tyrant, the more they are in his Favour, ſo much the more their Virtue and Integrity ſhine in them (*s*), and ſtrike with Awe and Reverence the moſt wicked, when they behold them ſo near: But the Virtuous themſelves cannot remain long, before they partake of the common Misfortune, and feel to their coſt the Effects of Tyranny. A *Seneca*, a *Burrhus*, a *Thracia*, that Triumvirate of good Men, two of whom their ill Deſtiny drew near to the Tyrant, and placed in their Hands the Management of his Affairs, both of them eſteem'd and cheriſh'd by him, beſides one of them had educated him, and had, as a

(*s*) - - - - - - - - - - *abaſh'd the Devil ſtood, And felt how awful Goodneſs, is, and ſaw Virtue in her Shape how lovely; ſaw, and pin'd His Loſs.* Milton, Lib. iv.

Pledge

Pledge of his Friendſhip, the Care of his Childhood: But theſe three by their cruel Deaths, are ſufficient Witneſſes, what little Security there is in the Favour of bad Maſters. In Truth, what Friendſhip can we hope for from him, whoſe Heart is ſo hardened, as to hate his People, who does nothing but to eſtabliſh his Dominion (*t*), and is

(*t*) For a King who would conſult his own Intereſt, cannot help ſeeing, that by impoveriſhing his Subjects, he as certainly impoveriſhes himſelf, as a Gardener who after having gathered the Fruit off his Trees, would cut down the Trees themſelves to ſell them. This *Alexander the Great* knew ſo well, that he made it a Maxim of impoſing on the People which he conquered in *Aſia*, only the ſame Tribute which they uſed to pay to *Darius*, upon which ſome one having obſerved to him, that he might draw a much larger Revenue from ſo great an Empire, he anſwered, That he did not approve of that Gardener who cuts up the Cabbages by the Roots, whereas he ought only to have gather'd the Sprouts. This Anſwer is founded upon common Senſe, and yet there are many Princes to be found in Hiſtory, who have rather choſe to follow the Example of the Gardener, who ſtupidly

is ſo much his own Enemy, that he impoveriſhes himſelf, and deſtroys his Empire?

But if it ſhall be ſaid, that they fell into theſe Misfortunes only becauſe they were good Men, let the Objectors turn their Eyes to *Nero*, and they will ſee, that thoſe who came into his Favour, and maintained themſelves in it by their Wickedneſs, were not of a much longer Continuance. Who has ever heard of a Love ſo violent, of a Paſſion ſo abandoned, as his for *Poppæa?* And yet ſhe was afterwards killed by himſelf. *Agrippina*, his Mother, had murthered her Huſband *Claudius*, to make his way to the Empire. To oblige him, ſhe never ſcrupled to do, or ſuffer any thing. But this ſame Son, her Darling, made Emperor by

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contrives to dry up himſelf the Source of his Revenue, than imitate the wiſe Moderation of *Alexander*, by which he would ſecure to himſelf an inexhauſtible Fund of Riches.

her

her own Hand, *(u)* after having often barbarouſly treated her, took away her Life, and every Body then ſaid ſhe well deſerved Death from any Hand but his. Who was ever more eaſily managed, more pliant, or, to ſay all in a Word, a greater Fool than the Emperor *Claudius?* Who was ever more hen-pecked by a Wife, then he was by *Meſſalina*. And yet, at length, he gave her up to the Executioner. Tyrants always retain entire their Stupidity, in not knowing how to do good. But however it happens, certain it is, that the little Wit they have, is ſooner or later awakened in them, for the Purpoſes of Cruelty, even towards thoſe whom they had cheriſhed the moſt. *(x)* The Saying of *Caligula*, on ſeeing the Neck of his beſt beloved Wife uncovered, is very well known. This pretty Neck,

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(u) Vide Suetonius in the Life of *Nero*, §. 34.

(x) Vide Suetonius in his Life, who ſays, §. 33. *Quoties uxoris vel amiculæ collum exoſcularetur, addebat, Tam bona ceruix, ſimul ac juſſero, demetur.*

(ſaid he, careſſing her) ſhall be ſtrait cut off, if I command it. And yet he ſeemed ſo fond of her, that one would have thought, he could not have lived without her. This is the Reaſon why moſt of the antient Tyrants were commonly killed by their Favourites, who knowing the Nature of Tyranny, could not be ſo ſecure of the Favour of the Tyrant, as they diſtruſted his Power. *(y)* So *Domitian* was killed by *Stephen*, *(z) Commodus* by one of his Miſtreſſes herſelf, *(a) Antoninus Caracalla* by *Macrinus*, and all the reſt almoſt in the ſame Manner. It is certain, the Tyrant never loves, nor is beloved. Friendſhip is a ſacred Word, a holy Thing; it never ſubſiſts but between

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(y) Suetonius in the Life of *Domitian*, §. 17.

(z) Who was called *Marcia*.

HERODIAN. Lib. I.

(a) Antoninus Caracalla, whom a Centurion called *Martial*, killed by the Stab of a Poinard, at the Inſtigation of *Macrinus*, as may be ſeen in *Herodian*, Lib. IV. towards the End.

good

good Men, nor commences but by a mutual Eſteem: It is kept up, not ſo much by a Benefit received or conferred, as by a virtuous Life. That which makes one Friend aſſured of another, is the Knowledge he has of his Integrity. The Sureties he has for him, are his good Diſpoſition, his Truth and Conſtancy. No Friendſhip can ſubſiſt where there is Cruelty, Treachery, and Injuſtice. When the wicked meet together, it is a Conſpiracy, not a Society of Friends. They cannot mutually aid, but are afraid of one another. They are not Friends, but Confederates in Guilt.

But if this were not the Caſe, ſtill it would be very difficult to find in a Tyrant a Love to be depended upon: For being above all, and having no Companion, he is already without the Bounds of Friendſhip, which are fixed in Equity, never halting, but always the ſame. For which Reaſon there is, as we ſay, even amongſt Thieves ſome Honeſty in dividing the

Spoil; becauſe they are Companions and Equals, and if they do not love one another, they are afraid of each other, and are not willing by their Diſunion to make their Force leſs. But thoſe who are Favourites of the Tyrant, can never be ſecure, ſince he has learnt from them, that he can do any thing, and that there is neither any Tie nor Duty can bind him, looking upon his Will for Reaſon, and that he has no Companion, but is Maſter of all. Is it not then great Pity, that ſeeing ſo many evident Examples, and the Danger ſo near, no body will become wiſe at the Expence of others? That of ſo many, who willingly get about Tyrants, there is not one, who has the Prudence or Courage to tell them, that which the Fox, as the Fable ſays, told the Lyon, when he counterfeited himſelf ſick: *I would go to viſit you in your Den with all my Heart, but that I ſee many Traces of Beaſts going in to you, but none returning.* Theſe Wretches behold the ſhining Treaſures of the Tyrant, and regard with Aſtoniſhment

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the Rays of his Splendor, and enticed by this Brightneſs, they come near and do not perceive that they ruſh into the Flame which cannot fail to conſume them. So the unwary Satyr in the Fable, ſeeing the Fire found by the wiſe *Prometheus* ſhine bright, *(b)* thought it ſo pretty, that he went to kiſs it and burnt himſelf. So the Butterfly, hoping to enjoy ſome Pleaſure, flies into the Fire, becauſe it ſhines; but feels to it's Coſt it's other Virtue, that of burning, as the Poet *Lucan* ſays. But let us put the Caſe, that theſe Favourites eſcape out of the Hands of him they ſerve, they never ſave themſelves from the King that ſucceeds. If he be good, they muſt

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(b) This is taken from a Treatiſe of *Plutarch*, intituled, *How we may receive Advantage even from our Enemies*, Chap. II. His Words are theſe. "The Satyr was deſirous to embrace "the Fire the firſt Time he ſaw it: But *Promatheus* called out to him, *Thou old Goat, thou "wilt weep the Loſs of thy Beard, for it burns "when it is touched.*"

give

give an Account of their Actions, and at leaſt for that time ſubmit to Reaſon. If he be bad, and like their Maſter, he will have his own Favourites, who generally are not content in their Turn with ſucceeding to others, in their Employments, if they obtain not likewiſe, for the moſt Part, their Eſtates and Lives. Can it then be, that any one can be found, who in ſo great Peril, with ſo little Security, will take this unfortunate Place, to ſerve with ſo great Trouble, ſuch a dangerous Maſter. Good God! what Suffering, what Martyrdom is this? To be Night and Day only intent to pleaſe one, and yet be more afraid of him than of any Man alive. To have the Eye always in watch, the Ear liſtening, to diſcover the Snares and from what Hand the Blow may come, to obſerve carefully the Countenances of ones Companions, to gueſs who may be the Traitor; to ſmile upon every body, and yet be afraid of all; to have not one, either an open Enemy, or an aſſured Friend; to have a Countenance

always

always chearful, and the Heart half-dead with fear; to be incapable of Joy, and yet not dare to ſhew Grief?

But it is a Pleaſure to conſider, what it is they gain by this vaſt Torment, and what good they can expect for all this Anxiety, and this miſerable Life. The People generally, for all the Evils they ſuffer, accuſe not the Tyrant; but thoſe who govern him. Their own Countrymen, even the Peaſants and Labourers, foreign Nations; nay all the World know the Names of theſe Men, and in Emulation, one of another, proclaim their Vices: They heap on them a thouſand Outrages, a thouſand Affronts, a thouſand Curſes. All their Prayers, all their Vows are made againſt theſe Men. They reproach them with all their Misfortunes, all their Plagues, and all their Wants. And, if ſometimes in Appearance they do them Honour, even then they Curſe them in their Hearts, and have them in greater Horror than wild Beaſts. Behold the

Glory,

Glory, behold the Honour they receive for their Services to the People, who, were every one of them to have a Piece of their mangled Body, would not I believe be ſatisfied, nor half content with their Puniſhment. But ſtill, after they are dead, thoſe who come after them are never ſo indolent, but that the Names of theſe (*c*) MEN-DEVOURERS

(*c*) This is the Name given to a King in *Homer*, Δημόβορος βασιλεὺς, Iliad. A. ver. 231. and with which *Boetie* very juſtly dignifies thoſe firſt Miniſters, thoſe Intendants, or Super-Intendants, of the Finances, who by the exceſſive and unjuſt Impoſitions with which they oppreſs the People, by ſpoiling and depopulating the Countries which are abandoned to their Care, ſoon turn a powerful Kingdom, where Arts, Agriculture and Commerce, lately flouriſhed into a frightful Deſart, where Barbariſm and Poverty reign, throw the Prince into Want, make him odious to the few Subjects which remain, and deſpicable to his Neighbours. Theſe are the DEVOURERS OF THE PEOPLE, who take much leſs Care of Men, than a Gardener does of the Trees in his Garden. Therefore they think of nothing but to make their own Profit of the Deſtruction they Cauſe, without troubling themſelves

DEVOURERS are blackened by the Ink of a thouſand Pens, their Reputations torn in a thouſand Books, and even their Bones, as we may ſay, dragged by Poſterity, puniſhing them, even after their Deaths for their wicked Lives. Let us then, at length, learn to do good. Let us lift up our Eyes, for our own Honour, or for the Love of Virtue, to God Omnipotent, the infallible Witneſs of our Actions, and the juſt Judge of our Crimes. For my own Part, I am perſuaded, and I think I have juſt Grounds for it, that ſince nothing is ſo hateful to God, who is all Bounty and Goodneſs, as Tyranny, he muſt aſſuredly reſerve ſome peculiar Puniſhment in Hell for Tyrants and their Accomplices.

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themſelves with what may happen to the Garden, or to the Maſter of the Garden.

FINIS.

☞ The Verses quoted from *Homer* are according to Mr. *Pope*'s Translation, and the Comment upon them is likewise that Author's. *Vide* Mr *Pope*'s *Homer*, Book II. Ver. 244.

The Description of *Salmoneus*'s Punishment in Hell, is according to Mr. *Dryden*'s Translation. *Æneid*, Book VI.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

ERRATA.

PAG. 57 Line 14, read *bar'd* for *barr'd*. P. 64 l. 13, read *all the* for *the all*. P. 72. l. 13, read *Perseus* for *Theseus*.

☞ The Verſes quoted from *Homer* are according to Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation, and the Comment upon them is likewiſe that Author's. *Vide* Mr *Pope*'s *Homer*, Book II. Ver. 244.

The Deſcription of *Salmoneus*'s Puniſhment in Hell, is according to Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation. *Æneid*, Book VI.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ERRATA.

PAG. 57 Line 14, read *bar'd* for *bart'd*. p. 64 l. 13, read *all the* for *the all*. p. 72 l. 13, read *Thraſen* for *Thracia*.